

# THE LIGUORIAN



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"The Liguorian is tip-top. Keep up the good work. Your magazine comes to me every month with a load of spiritual refreshment. The Liguorian is a most welcome guest and is treated as such from cover to cover every month. Happy New Year to the Liguorian and its exemplary Editor and writers." Union City, N. J.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 3

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## Loss and Gain

I

I sought me a staff to lean on,  
A staff that would never bend.  
I looked over men in thousands  
And chose me at last a friend.

2

The path I trod it was rugged,  
I planned me the heights to scale.  
I gave all my heart to friendship,  
In trust that could never fail.

3

I found in my friendship human,  
I leaned on a broken reed,  
That wounded my heart with sorrow  
In time of my greatest need.

4

Though bitter this price I paid me,  
My gain was more than my loss:  
For thus did my Friend Unfailing  
Nail me with Him to His Cross.

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

C. D. MCENNERY, C.Ss.R.

It was supposed to be a committee from the Knights of Columbus waiting on the pastor of St. Mary's; as a matter of fact, it was simply good old Father Tim enjoying a cordial half hour with a group of his "boys." Eventually the wee, small voice in Tom Bach's innards made itself heard above the merry din. He interrupted Gregory's funny story to shout:

"O Father, may I have your ear for just one minute? You see we are here on business. The rest of these birds are so busy making up yarns and telling personal experiences that never happened, that they can't think about anything serious. That is why the Grand Knight took care to put a solid character like myself on this committee."

"Solid, is right," cried Gregory, "from the shoulders up."

"Solid ivory," they all sang in chorus.

Not a whit abashed, Bach held the floor.

"We are deputed, Father, to ask you for a speech at the Knights of Columbus banquet."

"What? Another speech? On what topic?"

"On the Knights of Columbus, naturally."

"A difficult topic," murmured the priest, "a very difficult topic."

"Why should it be difficult to talk about the Knights of Columbus, Father? You surely know them well enough."

"That is the very reason why it is difficult. If I try to be polite and tell them they are the greatest people on earth, they will be bored; they are tired hearing that. If I try to be truthful and tell them they are not, they will be indignant; they are unused to hearing that."

"And so we may count on you," said Bach undisturbed by the priest's banter.

"Surely, unless the date is already taken. When do you plan holding your banquet?"

"That point is not yet definitely settled," returned the young man; "probably on the thirtieth."

"You cannot have it on the thirtieth; that will be in the Lenten season."

"We might arrange for a couple of weeks earlier," suggested Gregory.

"No, that would bring it too close to the ball," said Bach.

"Then put the ball after the banquet."

"But we cannot have the ball in Lent either."

"Oh, bother Lent! Why does the Church want to be such a kill-joy and make us mope about for forty days like a flock of owls?"

"Owls, is the correct word," exclaimed Father Casey; "you fellows are never content unless you can keep the same hours as an owl. Why don't you try sleeping at night for a change? I marvel that any concern will keep on its payroll young men who are always dopey from lack of sleep."

"We like it," returned Gregory. "Why must the Church come along with Lent and spoil all our plans?"

"It is fortunate, Gregory, you never had a stepmother."

"I'll tell the world!"

"Because," continued the priest, "it was only the constant, thoughtful care of your real mother that made you the excellent man you are."

"I thank you." And he bowed low in acknowledgment.

"What was her method?" queried the priest.

"Father Casey, I don't quite follow you," was the young man's puzzled reply.

"What method, I asked, did your mother follow in your upbringing? What system? What formula?"

"Thank God, she didn't bother about any system or formula. She just loved her freckled-faced, hare-brained, lazy, restless, mischievous boy, that's all. Her love gave her vision to read him like a book; her love gave her patience to bear with his ever-changing moods; her love gave her skill to restrain his many evil inclinations and foster his few good ones. She was a genuine mother."

"But, my boy, that way of dealing with you was quite complicated."

"Granted. But bear in mind the creature she was dealing with was a quite complicated little cuss. Nothing but mother love would ever have followed the tortuous twistings and windings of my strange little being."

"Did she let you play all the time?"

"She did not; she knew that would make me a crook."

"Did she make you work all the time?"

"No; she knew that would make me a dolt."

"I see. She wisely varied your work and your play every day and every week. And besides there were some very special treats, eh?"

"Oh, yes; there was my birthday party and the Fourth of July and the annual circus. How I used to look forward to those events, Oh boy! I never studied so hard or did chores so well as during the weeks preceding one of these great days."

The priest waited a few moments as if pondering some great thought, then he continued:

"I praise you, Gregory, for frankly and generously testifying to your mother's wisdom in her dealings with you as a child. I blame you, however, for criticising your mother for dealing with you in the same way now. Has your character changed so radically that you must be handled in an entirely different manner?"

"Changed radically? Why, Father, I have not changed at all," replied the young man. But when he saw that his companions were eyeing his generous girth, he hastened to forestall their witty remarks by adding: "beyond the fact that it takes a much bigger suit of clothes to cover me now. A man is nothing but a grownup boy. As for my mother, she is dead these three years, God rest her. And so there is no question of her dealing with me now."

"The mother that watched over your childhood days is gone," said the priest. "But another mother still loves you with at least an equal love and will continue to care for you until you die."

"Who is that?"

"The divinely guided mother whom we call Holy Mother Church. What did you say a moment ago? You do not like her complicated way of dealing with you?"

"To be frank with you, Father, I don't."

"You forget that you are still, what you say you were as a boy, a very complicated cuss. Come, I'll put the question to the house. Suppose Gregory's tailor would say: 'I abhor these unartistic bulges and curves in Gregory's vest. I am going to cut it after a more slender and simple fashion.' What would be the result?"

"The result," cried Tom, "would be that the vest wouldn't meet over Greg's aristocratic tummy."

"Correct!" exclaimed the priest. "And let me tell you there have been tailors aplenty who have tried to cut religion on a different pat-

tern from the Church of Christ. 'Too complicated,' they said. 'This thing of forty days in Lent and three days in each ember season and a vigil here and a feast day there—all too complicated.' And they proceeded along the lines of what they were pleased to call evangelical simplicity. The result was a religion that looked simple enough—only it didn't fit."

"You mean, Father, that a succession of fasts and feasts is suitable for us overgrown boys just as an alternation of hard work and circuses is for our juniors?"

"Bright lad, you've guessed it," cried the priest.

"And you claim we'll take to Lenten austerities with a better grace because we see the joys of Easter coming?"

"Right again. Unrestricted indulgence will ruin your soul as a man quite as surely as continuous play would have ruined your character as a boy. But self-denial must be tempered by seasons of innocent relaxation in the same way that hard work had to be relieved by frequent play. The apparent complexity of it all is simplified by mother love—that wondrous love that moves a mother to know her child and take thought of his contradictory inclinations, his inconstancy, his forwardness, and his pusillanimity. A stepmother would not take the pains to study your needs. She might say, work is the thing, and keep you at it until the monotony would drive you to sullenness and intractability. Or, to save trouble, she might say, let him do as he likes, and you would end up in jail. Many a stepmother religion has tried its hand at ruling God's children. After upsetting things generally in the household of the faith, they have, one after another, ended in failure. The infinite patience required to know and evaluate the ever-changing and self-contradictory moods of these children can be found only in the infinite love of their mother, Holy Mother Church."

"Will a loving mother," asked one of the listeners, Raynor of the perennial appetite, "will a loving mother force her children to go hungry?"

"She will—if over-indulgence has brought on an attack of acute indigestion. However, she will not prescribe this remedy with the unfeeling brevity of an army surgeon. She will gently insinuate it and hold out the inducement of a feast after the fast."

"Then, Father, it is your theory that we have brought on ourselves spiritual indigestion and our good mother, the Church, must put us on starvation diet until our spiritual organism resumes its functions?"

"No, it is not my theory."

"No? Why, I thought you held it."

"Most certainly I hold it. But it is not my theory: it is the explicit teaching of Our Lord Himself. He tells us that our being has been deranged by sin, the sin that we inherit and the sin that we commit. He warns us that this disorder cannot be remedied without penance. 'Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish.' This earth is a land of exile; this life is a time of trial; our business here is not child's play; it is serious, momentous, it will determine our eternal weal or woe. The Church knows all this, and she tells us to do penance. However, she does not content herself with saying: 'My children, be serious, practice self-denial, save your souls.' No, Holy Church is a mother; she understands her children and she loves them. She knows we will not get down to the serious work of self-denial and self-correction unless we are forced to it. And so she takes care to see that we do so at least one day out of every week—Friday abstinence, one period out of every season—Ember days, two periods out of every year—Advent and Lent. At the same time, with a mother's keen insight, she perceives that uninterrupted mortification, useful though it be for subjugating the passions, would overstrain our weak nature and leave us dour and despondent, and so she sets a feast after every fast. She tells us: now be serious, and now be glad; now weep, and now rejoice.

"But a true mother," continued Father Casey, "is never content with telling her children what they must do; she gives them a *motive* which makes the doing natural and almost spontaneous. Your mother, Holy Church, does not merely tell you to be serious and penitent during Lent; she puts before your mind the passion of Christ, she depicts all the pain and anguish and desolation He endured on account of your sinfulness and ingratitude. She shows how dearly He loved you, even while you were offending Him, and the price He paid for your immortal soul. These considerations cannot fail to render you serious and penitent. Again, during Eastertide she does not merely tell you to rejoice; she brings you back to Resurrection Morn, shows you the open tomb, the prostrate soldiers, the risen Christ. She leads you to the garden where He meets the Magdalen, to the upper room where He appears as Victor to those who had seen Him die, out upon the road to Emmaus where He walks with the disciples and 'they know Him in the breaking of the bread.'

"Not only does your mother, the Church, give you a motive, she helps you to reflect upon it. Like every good mother, she speaks to you through object lessons. During Lent she clothes her priest in the purple vestment of penance, the organ is hushed, the altar is bare, weddings are suspended, amusements barred, her sad and plaintive chant sounds continually in your ears. The very atmosphere in which you move makes you think of the sufferings of Christ and humble your soul with Christian penance. Easter dawns. The church is filled with the perfume of flowers and the smoke of incense, the vestments are white and gold, the altar blossoms with lilies, the organ peals forth the glad Alleluias, and every happy Christian heart exults in unison with the exultation of Holy Mother Church, the risen Saviour's spotless Bride."

"Father Casey, if I could have a talk like that for breakfast every morning during Lent," said Raynor of the perennial appetite, "I could almost forget about being hungry."

#### KEEP LOOKING UP

A little girl, playing near the edge of a precipice, suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her. Before she had time to spring back to a place of safety, she had slipped over the rim of the abyss. Snatching at the grass and weeds that grew along the side, digging her fingers into the earth, she succeeded in checking her fall and for a time she hung there, suspended in the air. After what seemed to her hours of waiting, she heard a voice say, in reassuring tones:

"I am coming. Keep looking up."

She never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only hope of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully:

"I am coming. Keep looking up."

In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into loving arms, and closed her eyes on her father's breast.

Keep looking up, is a motto we might well keep in mind throughout our lives.

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To know how to obey requires as generous a disposition and as rational an education as to command.

## Konnersreuth

### THE STORY OF THERESA NEUMANN

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

A short while ago Konnersreuth was unknown. We had not even heard its name. Today the eyes of the world, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, are on this little Bosnian village. Science and curiosity have hastened thither to the home of the plain village girl—and while curiosity stood at the door and looked in with thrilled excitement, science tried to penetrate into the mystery. It remained to wonder. Scientists admit themselves baffled; atheistic and agnostic papers ridicule, because here would be a palpable fact contradicting their whole world-view. The Church is undisturbed—because faith is not directly concerned.

Somehow the story of Theresa Neumann has even found its way into the magazine section of our Sunday papers. This was unfortunate. Because as some said: "When we see it in the midst of that trash, we conclude that it cannot be true." Personally, I admit the judgment of these readers. But in this case the papers did get hold of something true and actual.

We give the facts of the case—the things as they have happened to Theresa Neumann—according to the reliable testimony of witnesses who may be called scientific observers. We take them from an article by Robert Laiber, S.J., who has published an exhaustive study of the case.

#### THE BEGINNINGS

Theresa Neumann was born on April 9, 1898, at Konnersreuth, the child of ordinary people. Her childhood was uneventful and in no way distinguished from that of other children of the village. On March 10, 1918, she had to help at the extinguishing of a fire. For two hours, standing on a chair, she reached up buckets of water to another who poured them on the flames. She had to reach as high as she could and was thoroughly drenched. Suddenly the bucket fell from her hands; a sharp pain shot through her back. She had to leave the work and go to bed. From that time she was sick.

The sickness went through a terrible development. The girl felt as if her body were tied and drawn together with cords. Convulsions

ensued, which jerked her body up from the bed, throwing her even over the side of it. She would faint away, sometimes repeatedly in a day. Since October, 1918, she had to keep constantly to her bed. Loss of sight gradually set in, until sometime in March, 1919, she became completely blind. A lameness, almost paralysis of the limbs, developed, and from lying on her left limb immovably, it became crooked and twisted. Naturally there came bedsores—but hers were unusually deep and festered alarmingly. She became hard of hearing, and to add to her miseries, the muscles of her throat became paralyzed; she could not swallow—except liquids—and sometimes not even these. Other sufferings were added.

Such was her condition from 1918 to 1923.

#### HER CURE

On April 29, 1923, at six-thirty A.M., she awoke from sleep and could see perfectly. It was the day on which St. Therese, the Little Flower, was beatified.

Some time later, the afflicted girl had her sister take rose leaves, which had been touched to the grave of the Little Flower, and put them between the bandages of her badly festered left limb. After a few moments Theresa felt a sharp jerking in the limb, then the pain was gone. Next morning the bandage was found pasted to the bed clothes with puss and blood, but the leg was completely healed.

Came May 17, 1925, the day of the canonization of the Little Flower. Theresa Neumann—still confined to her bed—in the course of the afternoon suddenly saw a white light.

She cried aloud in fright. Her parents rushed into her room wondering what happened. But the light did not hurt the girl's eyes, but rather soothed them and as she looked a voice spoke to her from the light, telling her that she could sit up. Theresa did so obediently—for the first time in years. The voice continued:

"You will have to suffer much and long and no doctor will be able to help you. But fear not! I have helped you until now and will help you still. Only by suffering can you best work out your character and your sacrificial calling and thus supplement the work of God's priests. By suffering, more souls are saved than by the most brilliant sermons. I have written so before. \* \* \* You can also walk," concluded the voice from the light.

Eyewitnesses of the scene declared that Theresa was radiant with

joy and, as it were, beside herself. She declared that she did not know the speaker, nor did she know anything about the writings to which the voice referred. She had never read anything like it. But next day the pastor came with the writings of the Little Flower, which he had borrowed somewhere, and found there the passage to which the vision referred.

That day, in the presence of the pastor, Theresa rose and walked up and down the room, lightly supported by her parents, and the attending nursing sister. Next night she walked alone, though somewhat uncertainly. The wounds in her back were completely healed. She had been abed for six and a half years.

On September 30, 1925, she saw the light again. The room, she declared, was dark by comparison. Again the voice spoke, "You can walk without aid." She did from that time on.

Once more the Little Flower seems to have come to her aid. On November 7, 1925, she was taken seriously sick. Her pain was so fierce that she seemed stupefied. On November 13, Doctor Seidl declared that it was a case of acute appendicitis and that an immediate operation was necessary. Preparations were begun at once to remove her to the hospital. Meantime, Theresa had someone put a relic of the Little Flower on her. At once she sat up transfigured, saw the light again, and heard the voice. She got up and asked the family to go to the church with her. The following year she was again brought to death's door and suddenly rose cured.

#### THE PASSION OF CHRIST

Meantime a new development set in: sharing the sufferings of Christ in His Passion.

It began about mid-Lent, 1926. One day, the girl, on a sudden, saw clearly, as in a picture, Christ in Gethsemane. At the same time a terrible pain set in in her side, and she felt something warm trickling down: it was blood, and it trickled down till the next noon. She says expressly that she did not, at that time, think of the wounds of Christ, in fact, did not know what "Stigmata" meant.

Next week—in the night from Thursday to Friday—without, however, adverting to the fact that it was this night—she saw the Scourging—a week later, the Crowning with Thorns, and on the Friday after Passion Sunday, the Way of the Cross—the visions all being accompanied by copious bleeding from the side.

On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, during a vision of the Sufferings of Christ, the blood flowed so copiously from her side and eyes, that the girl was no longer able to conceal from her parents, as she had so far done, the marks of the wounds.

On Good Friday evening, too, the painful wounds appeared on the outer side of her hands and her feet. How they came, the girl herself could not say.

The following year, 1927, on Holy Saturday, the wounds broke out also on the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands. There was no sign of their coming except that the doctor noticed already since May, 1926, that these parts, just opposite the stigmata on the outer side of hands and feet, were sore to the touch, though there was no noticeable cause for such soreness.

Since November 15, 1926, blood began to flow from three and later from eight spots on her head, under the hair, representing the wounds of the Thorn-Crown. These, too, were preceded by similar soreness to the touch.

Since that Good Friday, 1926, Theresa Neumann lives and suffers the Passion of Christ on all Fridays, with the exception of the Fridays of the Easter season and other Fridays on which are celebrated feasts of a notably joyous character.

The ecstacy of suffering begins in the night of Thursday to Friday, but not always at the same hour: sometimes about ten forty-five, sometimes about eleven-fifteen, sometimes about midnight. It comes on her most suddenly, no matter what she may be engaged in at the time. At times those who came to investigate the case, purposely engaged her in commonplace conversation in which she took a lively part. Suddenly her body jerked upward, her arms were extended, the eyes half closed. The Friday ecstacy had begun. It ended Friday shortly after noon.

But the ecstacy is not continuous. There are, rather, repeated ecstacies lasting from two to fifteen minutes. The number is not always the same; but sways around fifty. Only the great ecstacy of the Crucifixion lasts about an hour.

During these ecstacies Theresa Neumann is wholly unconscious of the world around her; her external senses do not function. During the longer or shorter pauses between the ecstacies she comes to, at least partially. But she seems to have the power of communication

only of a child of five. She cannot even understand or form the simplest concepts, such as "sister," and cannot count. Instead of three, she says, "One and one and one."

In the ecstacies themselves she *sees* the sufferings of Christ with all the clearness and distinctness of normal vision. According to her testimony, she is as familiar with Jerusalem and its streets as she is with Konnersreuth.

However, her attention is strongly concentrated on the suffering Saviour. He appears to her, unlike the ordinary representations, as a typical Jew, of a rather stronger bodily build. Angels she sees simply as light.

Are the things that she hears and sees such as could be explained by knowledge she gained in the past, concerning persons, time, and place of the Passion? Doctor Wutz, Professor of Theology at Eichstätt and a recognized Semitologist, declares positively they are not. According to him, she hears Aramaic words and sentences—perceiving even the dialectic differences of Galilean and Judean usage, according to the origin of the persons speaking, without, however, understanding the kind of language it is, or the meaning of the words spoken.

She suffers the Passion with Our Lord. First of all in her soul. What the visitor perceives of her Friday ecstacies is but the bodily reflex of something terrible, dreadful, that her soul must suffer, as it were, in another world. She herself declares: "I pity the Saviour so!" That is the bitterest part of all, she says, that she would so gladly help Him and cannot.

She suffers in her body, too, at the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the crucifixion, and strangely, suffers more during the pauses between the ecstacies than during the ecstacies themselves.

Scarce do the visions begin, when the blood begins to trickle in two streams from her eyes down over her cheeks. After a while, the blood flows as well from her side and from her head. The wounds in her hands and feet do not bleed since Easter, 1927. By the time the vision is over her eyes are completely pasted shut with blood.

To the visitor, who saw and spoke to her before, she is hardly recognizable now and seems at the point of death, though she remains in her usual position, half-sitting, half-lying, with arms outstretched. About one o'clock she sinks back upon the pillows. By evening she comes completely to. Next day she is Theresa Neumann, herself, again.

## THE STIGMATA

Eyewitnesses have described the "Stigmata"—the wounds in her hands and feet—minutely. Those on the upper side are almost round, about the size of a quarter, covered with a tender dark-red skin that feels sore to the touch. Those on the opposite side are somewhat smaller. They pain her constantly, though Theresa has grown used to the ordinary pain. They do not yield to any treatment by physicians; attempted treatments only aggravated her sufferings. On the other hand, the wounds do not fester, even though other wounds quickly fester on the girl. To her it feels as though the wounds pierced her hands and feet through and through; in reality they do not. The wound in her side is not deep, about three centimenters long and covered with a delicate blood-scab.

The Friday visions are not the only periods of pain that Theresa Neumann undergoes; there is also on expiatory suffering for her fellowmen. It is so terrible that it makes her moan for pain. Psychically it takes the form of a deep feeling of emptiness of faith and disgust for suffering.

"I don't want any more. Why must I always suffer?" is the feeling that surges in on her. Those who have seen her in the midst of this suffering are even more affected by it than by the Friday visions.

But she has visions also of happier events: The Transfiguration of Christ, the stigmatization of St. Francis, and so on.

## MARVELOUS KNOWLEDGE

Besides there are revelations by voices, a knowledge of hearts and a knowledge of hidden things, really as touching and baffling, according to all accounts. She answers the secret thoughts of those who speak to her, tells them about definite facts about which she could possibly have no information. A letter is brought to her and opened in her presence and at once she knows the writer and the contents, says what is true and what is false in it, and mentions discrepancies between what the writer says in it from what he had written on another occasion. Investigation invariably verifies her statements. She distinguishes a relic by a mere touch and tells at once of what Saint it is. Her prayers obtained cures and most astounding conversions even at a distance.

In this connection we might refer to the testimony of Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland, given in an interview to

the Cleveland Catholic Universe, after his recent visit to Konnersreuth. The Bishop himself tells the story as follows:

"While I was there during Theresa's agony, her mother came into the room, where a large number of pilgrims had gathered. Monsignor James A. McFadden was seated behind me. The mother took a seat next to me. All of a sudden, Theresa, who could not have known that her mother had entered the room, muttered:

"'Mother, this man next to you'—she was referring to me—he comes from this country; he was born near here. But now he lives across a big body of water, and he works tremendously hard for God. He has yet much to do. I have something to say to him alone.'

"The assembled pilgrims began to retire. As Monsignor McFadden started to leave the room, Theresa said:

"'The gentleman behind you, he may stay.'

"The fact is that Monsignor McFadden became a witness—the only witness—to three quarters of an hour of the most intimate conversation between this stigmatized girl and myself.

"She told me things of which only God and myself had knowledge. The experience unnerved me and I broke into tears.

"Theresa told me of the past and of the future. She described priests in my diocese and described them in great personal detail."

Similar accounts are given by numerous other witnesses and investigators.

#### THE PERPETUAL FAST

To this we must add as a final astonishing fact her abstention from nourishment. On Christmas Eve, 1922, according to her testimony, she took the last solid food. From that time until December 23, 1926, she took only fluid nourishment, and since then no nourishment whatever, except a particle of the Sacred Host, with a teaspoonful of water, which she receives daily.

She declares that she always feels satisfied with this and has no desire for other food or drink.

Withal she is not bed-ridden or idle. She walks about, but owing to the stigmata on the soles of her feet, is forced to walk on her heels or on the outer side of the foot. She prays, writes letters, receives visits, converses, suffers her Friday passion. In a word, does a day's work that would tire a healthy person.

These are the things that are happening at Konnersreuth. The

phenomena are visible to anybody that cares to see them; they have been attested by a host of eyewitnesses, among them doctors, psychologists, theologians, and ordinary people.

Another time we shall try to see what we are to think of the facts.

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### THE CHILD'S FREE WILL

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This dialogue appears in the Bulletin of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia:

"I don't believe in forcing religion on children," said a "liberal-minded" parent. "I'm going to let mine exercise her own free will in the matter."

"How are your children getting along?" a friend asked.

"Very well. My oldest boy is having some trouble with his teeth."

"I suppose you send him to the dentist?"

"Of course."

"Does he like to go?"

"No. Like all normal youngsters, he despises dentists. I have to keep after him and see to it that he goes."

"He would hardly go if you didn't insist?"

"Well, hardly. But his future health depends on it. He'll thank me some day for it."

"Why don't you 'let him exercise his own free will in the matter?'"

"And let him ruin his health? No, sir."

"But you allow him to use his own free will in religious matters."

"That's different."

"Yes, it is. A boy's neglect of his teeth may ruin his material body. His neglect of religion may ruin his immortal soul."

"I guess I can bring up my children in the way I see fit without outside interference."

"We were not discussing your right; we were discussing the principle. Think it over a bit. For my part, I thank my parents for insisting that I preserve my health, but thank them a thousand times more for training me in religion."

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We must not only consider what zeal for God in itself demands, but must also bend and accommodate this zeal to the interests of our neighbor.

## Lenten Diet

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

This is not going to be a discussion of the Lenten Regulations concerning fasting and abstinence. Those should have been explained to your complete satisfaction before Lent began. Much less are we going to attempt to play the culinary expert and draw up a menu for every day of Lent. We are not cooks by any means and prefer to leave that to others, content to take what is set before us.

But,—“not by bread alone does a man live,”—said Our Lord. It is of these other things that we prefer to speak,—by which also and more emphatically, as Our Lord’s words insinuate, a man lives: the food of the spirit, of the soul,—“every word that proceedeth from the Father.”

That table is spread for us in every so-called spiritual reading book; there we have a store that we can draw upon at any time. And really to be pitied are those who are not acquainted with these sources; they miss something real,—something that would add to their peace and happiness.

“But we have no time. . . . ” My Heavens, but you are impetuous! We just barely started our remarks. Of course, half an hour at a time is what you would allow for the needs of your body; we are not,—no, not even despite the seeming consistency,—going to ask that much for the soul. Though it does seem odd when put this way!

We were just going to remark when you broke in: there are books that we can keep on the table in our rooms, within handy reach, and better still, ready to the eye (so as not to be forgotten),—books that can be taken up at any moment,—that are so generous that they will open their treasures to us, and yet so meek that they will bear our French-leave taking complacently. That your acquaintance with these books will ripen into friendship, we have little doubt. Then the matter of time will take care of itself.

There are the Gospels, and the other writings of the New Testament as well as of the old; there is the Following of Christ; there is the Lives of the Saints; there are numberless books almost, of a spiritual value. Anyone may be of advantage.

But there are experts in things spiritual, not theoretically, but practically—the Lindbergs of the spiritual life—the Saints of God. Their writings deserve to be recommended especially.

"Oh, they are so different!" True, they lack the critical manner and atmosphere of our modern world; they speak with a simplicity that contrasts sharply with our present-day airs of superiority; they speak with a directness and a sureness of spiritual realities that baffles the spineless skepticism of our times that tries to walk erect. Just that, however, is what is most attractive about these books of the Saints; that is their chief appeal; that is the characteristic about them that holds us. For deep down in our hearts are chords that strike in sympathy with them.

Among the books that the Saints have given us for our spiritual needs, those of St. Alphonsus are outstanding. Not only was he saint and scholar of marvelous attainments, not only was he a knower of human hearts and needs, but he has grasped one of the secrets of making our brief reading moments beneficial: he has infused devotion.

Some of these books of his you will find mentioned on the rear cover of this LIGUORIAN. We wish to give you an idea of them here.

"The Way of Salvation and Perfection" is a series of meditations on the Eternal Truths, Reflections on the different fruits of spirituality and several treatises on Divine Love, the Passion, Conformity to the Will of God, the way to converse familiarly with Him and so on.

To some who objected to the Saint's frequent reflections, the Saint made this pertinent reply: "One should not find it tiresome that I repeat the texts that I have already cited several times. \* \* \* The authors of harmful books, who treat of obscene things, reproduce even to boredom their impure scenes and conversations in order to influence their imprudent readers with the fire of sensual love; and should it not be permitted to me to repeat sacred texts that are most suitable to influence souls with divine love?"

"The Great Means of Salvation and of Perfection" is the title of another volume. It consists of a treatise on Prayer—on mental Prayer —on the choice of a state of life and on the Vocation of the Religious State and the Priesthood.

Of this book St. Alphonsus himself wrote in the Introduction:

"I have published several spiritual works, on visiting the Blessed Sacrament, on the Passion of Jesus Christ, on the Glories of Mary,

and so on. \* \* \* But I do not think that I have written a more useful work than the present, in which I speak of prayer as a necessary and certain means of obtaining salvation, and all the graces that we need for that purpose. If it were in my power, I would distribute a copy of it to every Catholic in the world, in order to show him the absolute necessity of prayer for salvation."

"The Incarnation, Birth and Infancy of Jesus Christ" was written by the Saint in 1750. One must not look in this volume for a narrative of these events of Our Lord's Life. In these pages St. Alphonsus makes these mysteries, as usual, the subject of devout reflection and prayer. This book would make a very good companion during the Advent and Christmas seasons.

"Preparation for Death" was introduced by St. Alphonsus himself with these words:

"Some persons asked me to write a book on the 'Eternal Truths' for the use of those who desire to establish themselves in virtue and to advance in the spiritual life. Others requested me to prepare a collection of sermon matter on these topics for missions and retreats. Not to multiply books, labor and expense, I resolved to compose the work in the present form, with the hope that it might answer both purposes.

"To render it useful as a book of meditations for lay people, I have divided the considerations into three points. Each point will serve for one meditation, and, therefore, I have annexed to each point affections and prayers.

"I entreat my readers not to grow weary, if, in those prayers, they always find petitions for the grace of perseverance and love of God. For us, these are the two graces most necessary for the attainment of eternal salvation."

Particularly appropriate for this season of Lent is his "The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ." It is not a mere historical account; it is rather the wonderful story told by one who loves Our Lord supremely and who stopped again and again to reveal the innermost feelings that the thought of the Passion awakened in him.

In a conference to his early companions, on Maundy Thursday of 1752, St. Alphonsus said:

"Our meditations on the Passion of Our Saviour should not end with Holy Week. It is only by meditating continually on the sufferings

of Jesus Christ that we learn to know His love. I do not impose on you the obligation of meditating always on this subject, but at least make it the object of one of your daily meditations.

"For my part, miserable though I am, I never neglect to do so. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I am unable to meditate on anything else. I find all in Jesus Crucified. Ah, if we prayed thus at the foot of the Cross, we should be more perfect in obedience, work with greater zeal, and suffer with more resignation."

"All the Saints," he says in the preface to this book, "cherished a tender devotion towards Jesus Christ in His Passion; this is the only means by which they sanctified themselves."

They achieved success. We can follow no better way.

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### THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

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Georgetown University, the Jesuit school, and Lafayette were engaged in a football game. Towards the close of the second quarter, Lafayette had carried the ball thirty yards on straight football, and appeared to be on the way to a touchdown, when one of her players was hurt.

To take time out would incur a penalty, which Lafayette could not afford, as she had already taken time out the three times allowed by the rules, and so the captain refused the time out, saying his man was not badly hurt, and he could not afford to lose ground.

Captain Grigsby, of Georgetown, hearing the remark, asked how often Georgetown had taken time out. On being told that he still had another coming to him, he replied:

"I shall take time out for Lafayette and charge it to Georgetown," and he did.

Georgetown won the game, and her captain won fame as a real sportsman.

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Wisdom is the lamp of spiritual love, and love is the oil of the lamp. If you love you must need become wise; be wise and you surely will love.

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Youth has never yet lost its modesty where age has not lost its honor; nor did childhood ever refuse its reverence, except where age had forgotten correction.—*John Ruskin.*

## Coward's Choice

### A STORY OF THE CAMPUS

J. W. FENNELLY, C.Ss.R.

Gray skies, penetrating wind, barren branches of still slumbering trees creaking as they swayed uneasily; the ugly sight of mud and soot-covered snow streaking the landscape, narrow enough when viewed through a window of a boarding house in the vicinity of the University and yet too much to be pleasing; and a headache as the aftermath of the Junior Prom—Bill O'Farrell looked down at his opened book of Organic Chemistry for the hundredth time then out the window for the hundredth and first time—he had begun with the window—and heaved a sigh that was half sob and half groan.

Midyear exams had brought him, as a belated Christmas present, three conditions. The morning mail had brought him the summons to spring practice for football, and the call for candidates to the baseball nine would come any day. There was also the matter of a board-bill already a month overdue—and the Prom had left him with memories of seventy dollars that had been his and were not now.

"Among my Souvenirs," he remarked to himself dryly.

Then there was Loraine. Peerless Loraine from the School of Journalism, finishing her course this year while he had still another year to go—"if any" he mused as he looked at the ominous notice of his conditions. Loraine of the curly, raven locks—the curl came from the best beauty shoppe on the campus but he did not know that nor care; Loraine of the lightsome toe who glided with him over the dance floor like a feather on a calm sea; Loraine of the twinkling eyes and the lighthearted banter and what was much more to this sophisticated member of an up-to-date student body, Loraine the "different"—

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "this isn't going to get me anywhere with old Brown and his infernal experiments." And he braced his head in his hands, and his elbows on the desk and began for the hundred and first time that day, his elusive quest for knowledge.

Late in the afternoon, the mentally exhausted Bill heard the telephone ring down stairs. Then after a few minutes, the strident tones of the landlady rang through the hall calling his name.

"It's Loraine, Bill," came the response to his call over the wire;

you might know that. What is the matter with you; your voice sounds husky and you know what that means." Her voice sounded to him like silver, even over the telephone.

"It means fatigue and worry and perhaps a slight cold, Loraine," he answered, "and nothing more. There is stuff in the house, but I do not drink, and you might know that."

"Don't be cross, big boy," she returned over the wire. "I have some good news. Dad reached town this morning, bringing with him, what he calls a motor miracle, a new Ford actually delivered. It's the cutest coupe you ever saw. So I am coming over right away and while I am getting to your place, you will have time to get ready. And do comb your hair, remember the football season is over." And before he could answer she hung up the receiver.

Bill whistled. Then shot his hands into his pocket; one came forth with a dime. He gazed at it ruefully. "Among my Souvenirs," he remarked once more, "that's where you belong." And he climbed the stairs and placed the dime on his desk where it could stare up at him without molestation.

The new car arrived promptly and Loraine, looking fairer than ever in her fur coat and hat, made him take the wheel.

"Why so sour, Bill?" she asked, her voice gay though her eyes were thoughtful.

"Life is a sour proposition, that's all," answered Bill, as he shot the little car around a corner and headed for the open country.

"That alibi is by no means original," rejoined his companion. "At least as many as a thousand have said the same thing before, you know." She was not laughing now.

"Well, what is the use of living?" he muttered after a short pause.

"You can turn around and take me home right now, if you wish to," the young lady responded promptly.

"I beg your pardon, Loraine," he answered quickly. "My head is so muddled I don't know what I am saying."

"Even that remark is trite and has been for centuries," returned the girl briskly.

Bill was silent, angry, too, and drove the car onward without heed-ing much whither they were going.

"Turn in here, please," Loraine remarked after a time. Bill came out of his trance to find that they had arrived at a small refreshment

stand much frequented by the students when out on short trips. He thought of his souvenir dime back home and groaned audibly.

"Now, young man," began the girl, "we are going to have it out right here. I think we ought to celebrate the arrival of the new car—a new Ford with emphasis on the new, with a toast in its honor, soda with a dash of ice cream and a few cakes to kill the chill. Do I hear the motion seconded?"

"You do not," this with emphasis.

"I thought so," she answered softly. "Bill, dear, come down off the camel and ride a horse, you won't fall so far when you tumble. In other words, snap out of it. The Prom has put you flat on your back; three conditions came in this morning's mail and you fear the examinations you must take to clear the cons will not do so well. Don't look surprised; the first I can easily surmise—you stubborn piece of pride—and the second—well my chum Betty—never mind her last name, you're too popular as it is—doesn't work in the Dean's office for nothing; and the third conclusion I jumped at as obviously depending on the rest. Which jumping is confirmed by your general attitude this afternoon."

Her companion said nothing; but the strong jaws had set and his lips made just one thin line.

"Bill, old dear, did you have a good time last night?"

"Best ever," he answered and the hardness vanished momentarily from his countenance.

"So did I, Bill. And best of all I was able to have a good time this morning thinking over it; no remorse you know, no memories that would have to be squelched; nothing but happiness—thanks to the fact that I was escorted by the finest, truest boy that ever wore the red and white on a gridiron—or whacked a high fly to the outfield when he was supposed to bring in a needed run with a homer."

"You would bring that up," he murmured sheepishly.

"Now, kindly get out, and we'll celebrate." She spoke as though no other explanation was necessary.

Later when the refreshments were about half gone, Bill found Loraine gazing at him quizzically over an uplifted spoon. Her eyes were laughing mischievously; he reddened.

"Why the crimson?" she demanded; "a penny for your thoughts."

"They are worth a dime right now," he answered grimly. "I am thinking of my last dime."

"Marvelous, so like John D., only his are always shiny. When and where is it?"

"At home on my desk, staring up at the ceiling." He spoke seriously. "And they do not run accounts here." She began to smile more and the smile broadened into a light laugh. "It's no laughing matter, I tell you," muttered Bill.

"It is too good to be true," she murmured. "Big Bill up against a goal he cannot cross—delicious!" He made a motion as though to arise, then hesitated.

"Hm. Just try that Bill, dear. You're thinking of borrowing from some of the boys here, aren't you? But remember, dear, this is my party and there is going to be no borrowing for even though you would like to, you won't spoil my fun. So be good now."

"But what will they think?" asked Bill.

"Who and when?" she remarked coolly. "And suppose they did think, what of it? A choice made on the basis of human respect is coward's choice, Bill."

The young man flushed angrily, seemed to be battling with himself, while the girl gazed placidly at her ice cream. Then he started; a big grin spread over his face.

"Lorraine," he remarked slowly, "you're one in a million."

"And you, Bill, confess," she chuckled, "didn't you feel just terribly unnecessary just now?"

"Coward's choice," he murmured as he gazed at her. "That is good. Never saw it that way before."

"Same here," she answered. "Thank my chum Betty for that wise one. It came in the sermon at the Chapel last Sunday. She's a Catholic you know."

Things, nevertheless, did not go very well with Bill O'Farrell during the following weeks. The football summons came and with it the announcement in the newspaper of Bill's predicament. The usual underlying comment on the strictness of professors who hated athletics reverberated over the campus. Then the call for the candidates for the baseball nine brought interest to high pitch. Again the news that Bill was out of the running. Coaches called on him, fraternity brothers offered to help him. They stormed at him, pleaded, urged. In the meantime, Bill was doing the worst thing possible for ultimate success: burning the midnight oil. Towels soaked in cold water tied around

his head helped to keep him awake while he worked and so his day was stretched from the usual length to the wee hours of the morning.

The first examination to remove one of the conditions finally arrived. Bill left his room to climb the hill to school, feeling as though he overflowed with scientific lore. But as soon as the questions were handed out, the effect of the overstraining set in. He went blank. Then after struggling through two hours of the three set for the examination, and finding little results to show for his efforts, he yielded to the temptation of a moment and copied one of the answers from his neighbor. The first fall nauseated him. But once he had cheated, the old slogan of despair that had taunted him during the long days, "What's the use?" rang in his ears. He was a crook now, so he might as well make the best of it. With a little ingenuity, he managed to collect enough information around him to complete the paper.

The second examination, attacked with the same strategy, yielded apparently the same results. At least he was able to hand in a complete paper. In the interval remaining before the third examination, his board-bill turned up to bother him. A telegram to his father brought just enough money to pay up for another month and a curt reminder to hold to an agreement they had made when Bill entered school. Then while he strove earnestly to prepare himself well for the last of his trials, firmly resolving that this examination would find him entirely ready for it, the thing happened which promised to wreck his life as far as the university was concerned.

Some of the boys, filled with the energy of spring and its restlessness, had planned a party. Worse than that, they had carried out the plan. A matter of some automobiles, amply supplied with flasks enough for all hands, and then companions from some of the sororities; simple enough. A dashing drive out to a roadhouse, dancing till the early morning, a noisy return featured by wild driving, and an enthusiastic pursuit by two motorcycle officers. The newspapers did not lack copy.

As some of the boys lived in the same house, Bill heard the racket of their return, but knowing what it meant, did not bother to look. At his usual hour, he put aside his books and crawled into bed, thankful at least that he had not fallen into such ways of living.

Early in the morning, he was awakened by a sharp rap at his door. More from force of habit than anything else, he answered. Expecting to find one of his associates in the house, he bolted erect in the bed, when he saw in the doorway one of the city officers.

"Remain where you are, young man," came the brisk command. "We have the warrant to search the premises. And your room is first." They entered, and as though knowing exactly where to go and what to expect, one of the officers dropped on his knees, reached under the bed and pulled out a burlap sack. It was filled with bottles and flasks. He reached in and pulled out one bottle still half full of liquor.

"That's about enough. Get up, young man. School is over for today."

The affair would have been one of only minor interest, merely a ripple in the stream of events that make up the complicated life of a big university—a world in itself with all its complications—were it not for the fact that one of the girls on the party became seriously ill and had to be removed to the hospital. "Moonshine poisoning," was the diagnosis and the university authorities sat up a second time and took notice.

Bill was implicated. More than that, he was as good as convicted. The publicity which had formerly been given him on account of his athletic prowess now reacted against him. It added glamor and news interest to the affair which, of course, the town's journals did not overlook. People began to speak of making an example of him.

A telegram to his father sent by one of the authorities brought bail and Bill returned to his work. The world, however, had changed. He still had his third examination to make. The disturbance made study well nigh impossible. The day for the examination found him almost a wreck. Nights without any sleep; days of mingled work and brooding with the spells of brooding constantly growing longer and longer and taken the color from his face—and the healthy straightness from his shoulders.

What hurt most of all was the attitude of his associates. The morbid craze for scandal so rampant in these days of lurid journalism seemed to focus on him. Those of his friends that he prized most highly, turned from him and salved their consciences by merely ignoring him. Others added their meed of surmise to the ever-growing heap of comment, and pious condemnation. Condemnation often covers a multitude of sins; it turns attention away from the one condemning.

Worst of all, Loraine seemed to have dropped out of existence. Bill had waited for a telephone call but none came. And he would

not call; perhaps, he thought, she, too, considered him at least one of the crowd that had had the party. Certainly he would not blame her; so many of them were from the same house and the evidence found in his room so clear and his own explanations so incomprehensible; no, he could not blame her. Yet, he could not help feeling hurt.

The day of the last examination found him in a fever of excitement. He managed to finish the examination and though the urge to use illegitimate means was on him, he fought it off. Once at least he would be master of himself. But the results as he looked at the paper before handing it in, seemed to forecast failure. Then as often happens after a hard examination, he could not even recall whether the answers he saw before him were what he meant them to be or not. He rushed to the professor's desk, tossed the paper away from, and hurried from the room.

He wanted to get away. Anywhere,—but away. Away from people and if possible away from himself. Overwrought nerves were jangling out of tune and he felt the discordant racket in his head would drive him insane.

The hills beckoned to him; though still sear from the winter, they looked friendly. He walked on blindly, not bothering much about the route he chose.

He arrived suddenly at a river bank that entered the lake fronting the university six miles away from school. He was dumbfounded. He had no idea he had walked so far. Near by an old mill, dilapidated and abandoned, raised its battered hulk against the background of tangled forest and sky. A lonesome spot, yet now it seemed cheerful. He sat on a rock, heedless of possible chill and fever, and began to rehearse the song of events that had been ringing through his head.

And the old refrain came back. What did it matter? What was the use? Life after all was nothing but a transition between two other nothings. Surely it could not be more than that from which it came and to which it went. The philosophy of the campus was the philosophy of one notorious professor. Formerly he had laughed at the man's vagaries. His jumbled principles founded on his ideas of evolution and ethics and religion and what not had always seemed to normal Bill, as fit matter for the brainless or the lazy. Now, they came back to him, their sinister sophistry transformed in Bill's mind by the strain he had undergone and the crushing sense of the unfairness of the fate that seemed to be overshadowing him.

Even Loraine was convinced of his guilt. His nervous mind jumped to this conclusion, then brooded over it, each repetition making the judgment apparently more firm. A log drifted down the stream, caught for a moment in the moss-draped paddles of the old mill wheel, then swung out into the current and was gone. An idea came to him. It seemed to sneak into his mind by some window; not through the open door of reason. At first it caused a feeling of nausea—like that first temptation in the first exam. Then it came back; more convincing; more appealing. He looked at the water. They said drowning was easy. It would be easier here. One drop over the dam a little further on, then the great forgetting. It was so easy—and besides what was the use? The suggestion became a refrain. Dusk was setting in; the matter would be still easier for the darkness would seem to hide him from himself. He arose. He walked to the edge of the millrace; out over a plank and looked at the water. Then he returned. Why he did so he did not know, but he removed his coat. He might as well be comfortable and the coat was an encumbrance. He did not know it, but those few minutes were all important.

Freed of the coat, he returned to the plank. It seemed to welcome him. His tortured brain seemed to be reechoing with a triumphal hymn now. The professor was right, life meant nothing and he was about to reach the conclusion.

There came the roar of a motor in the distance but he did not heed it. The noise of the water and the concentration of his own mind cut off his powers of attention. It grew louder—but he was at the millrace now, and nearing his plank. *His* plank was good, he thought grimly. Then there came a crash, and the sound of breaking glass. It did not interest him. The next thing he knew, he felt a smashing blow hit him across the face.

He awoke as from a trance.

Lorraine was standing beside him; hair disheveled; coat torn and a little stream of blood beginning to trickle down her cheek. Her arm swung back as though to strike once more.

"The coward's choice!" she gasped.

He stared at her, dazed, while he rubbed the livid splotch her open hand had made across his lips.

"You!" he finally managed to remark.

"Oh, Billy, what a race you gave me. I was waiting for you after

your examination and you got away and the road I had to take led me all over the country before I got here."

"But how did you know?" he asked. His wits seemed to be returning to normal.

"I saw your face and the direction you took—and—and—well one day I came out here."

"You! Here! Why—but Loraine, your face is bleeding. What happened to you?"

She laughed almost hysterically and pointed to the new Ford nestled against the curved trunk of a tree. One fender was smashed and the windshield was broken.

"I had to hurry," she said simply. "Bill, get your coat and come on home."

"But, I don't understand, Loraine. How could you have guessed?"

"Don't worry. I was bitten by that philosophic bug once, but my chum, Betty—"

"The Catholic?"

"Yes, the Catholic—straightened me out. You know Betty is so old-fashioned she prays."

"Prays?"

"Sure, you know, on her knees."

Bill passed his hand over his head. The situation seemed to be bordering on the ridiculous now.

"Catholic! The coward's choice!" he muttered. "These Catholics—say, Loraine, we'll have to look into this."

"Don't say we, say 'I.' I have looked into it these past weeks; I was baptized this morning. And I learned how to pray for you and I thank God my prayer was answered. It meant everything in the world to me, Bill." Then she buried her face in his arms.

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We are guilty of great cowardice and negligence in not making satisfaction for our sins in this life, since it is in our power to do so.—*St. Therese.*

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Charity is a fire; but three things can extinguish it: the wind of pride, the water of gluttony and luxury, and the dense smoke of avarice.—*St. Anthony.*

## The Stranger's Call

A PROFESSOR

Just why his parents ever called him "Hix" is not a matter of record. It is true they had a fine example in the story book: Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, where the new-born girl is called "Asia" because they had just heard about a new country by that name. But the book was not yet written, so it must be left out of consideration in trying to find the reason for this strange name. Then, by analogy we might think of these same parents as ardent admirers of the ancient Professor or Doctor Hicks, who used to have his annual Calendar and weather forecasts for an entire year in almost every farm kitchen in the country. Be it as it may, Hix never forgave them entirely for burdening him with such a name.

These same parents were of that wandering type of farmer who never settles down anywhere for very long: a kind that is rapidly disappearing. Hix was born in Kentucky. And before he was ten years old he had been in more than ten states of the Union. That may explain to some extent his predilection for the life of a common tramp.

He started out on his journeys when he was about sixteen. The start was made when he followed a traveling evangelist out of town as an ardent admirer and hanger-on. And he never returned to the family home.

He loved the life in the open. He loved the thrill of an evangelist's appeal for righteous living. Accordingly he never missed a revival if he could possibly attend. And also accordingly he changed his shade of religion with every wind of doctrine that was blown his way.

Funny whim for an ordinary tramp, this whim of religion and this urge to attach himself and his salvation to anyone who appealed to him. But it all worked out in the final end—and worked out to his own satisfaction and happiness.

Hix started out at sixteen. And for twenty-five years he tramped all over the United States, spending the summers in the North and the winters in the South or extreme West.

He had learned many things too which were useful to a tramp. He could cook with the best of them. He could sew with almost any

seamstress in the country. He could do a washing as neatly and cleanly as any housewife. He could sing fairly well—which made him a man much in demand as a leader of song at many a revival he attended. He could pray—and many a time he was called upon to lead the gathering in prayer because “it seemed so to come from his very heart.” He could read and interpret his Bible in almost orthodox and approved fashion whenever in dispute. He was a general mechanic and could supply an idea whenever there was a jam of any kind. And for this latter accomplishment he was always welcome at railroad camps. The bosses seemed to know him or of him and they all grew to like him. “The man that never swears or fights, and yet manages to get along with the roughest birds we have to employ,” such was the praise of Hix on the part of construction foremen all along the line.

He had no use for women—excepting to say a good word for his own mother whenever he thought of her. He had grown to dislike them when he was first sent to school. Whatever the school-ma'am did to him he could not remember, but he never had any use for school-teachers and he did not hesitate to say so. And with this streak of misogyny so strong in him he never “took a shine to the ladies”; neither did they ever take to him. Of all the refusals he had in life—all of them came from the women-folks. They seemed to sense his dislike for them and genuinely returned the compliment whenever he came to their doors to beg or ask for something to eat. Even when he only asked directions, they seemed to be so harsh and sharp—remember he was a misogynist and must have magnified his treatment at their hands—that he grew to almost hate them.

Yet, in spite of this he managed to get along wherever he went. He was never in dire want. He was never so down and out that he had not at least a place to keep warm and comfortable—and had also something to eat.

The ways of God are wonderful. And in the case of Hix they were almost miraculous. At least that is the way he looked on them in his last years of life.

He had just arrived at the terminal yards of the S. G. Railroad at \_\_\_\_\_. As usual he dropped off the end of the train just before it came to a full stop. He did not want to be taken up by any of the numerous railroad detectives who, he knew, infested those

yards. It would mean a short term in the local jail with an ultimatum to leave town within 24 hours. Somehow he did not feel any too well, this day. In spite of a long ride between cars in the chill of the early autumn days he felt as if burning up. He knew it must be a fever. But what kind of a fever? Might it be pneumonia? And he dreaded pneumonia. Such were the thoughts that ran through his mind. But, used as he was to emergencies, he did not tarry long to decide what to do. He would make his way to the nearest hospital and ask for admittance and examination. How he was going to pay for his keep for any lengthy stay was not clear to him—but he would find the means when his mind got a bit more clear. So he walked on and on till he was at the front door of a hospital. He entered.

The hospital happened to be one of the many Catholic Sisters' Hospitals that dot this land of ours, and where so many poor, forlorn human wrecks find a last refuge and resort. Once inside the front door he briefly stated that he was a tramp; that he was feeling unwell; and that he thought he had a bad case of fever. No questions were asked by the Nun at the office desk. She had but to see to know. A quick call brought a nurse. Quicker orders sent that party off to a room, and in a few moments he was bidden come to the room. A male attendant had in the meantime come from an upper floor. This worthy ordered the tramp to undress and get under the covers quickly. This done, the attendant gave him a bath and then tucked him in so tightly and well that the poor tramp thought he should never again get out of that bed. Spotless was the room and bright. He liked that.

It was not long before a doctor entered and between him and the attendant they managed to take the temperature, feel the pulse, listen to the action of the heart, and use the stethoscope even on the region of the lungs. All the while they shook their heads gravely. It must be a bad case—thought the tramp to himself. And when one of the Sisters entered the Doctor simply said: "A severe case, Sister!" The learned man left the room; a special nurse was detailed to take care of him—and as she was receiving her orders from the Sister in charge—he went into delirium. He heard nothing more of what was being said there in that room. The fever had gotten the better of him rapidly. Yet, everything was done to save a life—and even a soul if there were need of that.

The poor tramp, Hix, knew nothing of all this. It was to the Hospital authorities a question of life or death, and they would make it life if it depended on them. How many days he lay there, oblivious to all around him, he never could find out. The Sisters simply told him that he was still a very sick man and must not ask too many questions since that was making some exertion—and the Doctor had forbidden all exertion. The Nuns only told him that he had come to them a very sick man, and that they proposed to make him healthy and well again.

The period of convalescence was long. The effects of the many nights out in the cold and of so much personal neglect had taken a terrible toll of his strength. Those days seemed never to end; nor to want to end. Yet, that old religious fervor took hold of him again, now that he was allowed to sit up for brief intervals each day. He asked for his Bible. He had always carried that with him and always treasured it and read it from cover to cover many times in all these years. They gave him the well-thumbed book. And how he did read! But it helped to pass the time and he was more satisfied to stay.

Every now and then he would begin to worry about his expenses and how he would ever be able to repay the good Sisters—for he had come to appreciate the unselfish devotion of those women who were different. Never before had he left an unpaid debt—and now he figured that he should have to have a fortune in dollars to cancel his obligations. The Sisters laughed off any attempt of his to find out how much he owed them. They would now and then slyly remind him that they were working for more than money—they were working for souls. Money they took when patients could well afford to give them some. But if these same people had not the wherewith to pay—well, the good God would provide for the hospital if the patient could not. Such remarks as these set him to thinking. He had heard of charity, but had never seen much of it in real life.

One day he saw a little, old, bent man going about the place. It happened to be the neighboring priest who spent some time each week in visiting the sick at the hospital. This little, old, bent man stopped at every cot in the wards and had a pleasant word for all and many was the smile that lit up the faces of those there confined. Even Hix was not forgotten. This little, old, bent man was

introduced by the Sister with the words: "This, Father, is the child God sent us in the time of our greatest need. We took him in gladly, knowing that the goodness of God would reward us for harboring the harborless."

Queer language, this, to poor Hix. Queerer the kindness of the little priest. Hix still thought that Catholic priests had horns and were possessed of a cloven hoof instead of a foot. This little, old, bent man had neither horns, for he was terribly bald and there were no marks visible of horns or of their having been removed; nor did he have a cloven hoof, for both his feet were like the feet of other human beings. The low-cut sandals gave ample proof of that. The evangelists Hix had heard raving about these same horns and these same cloven feet must have been wrong in this man's case—and if in his, why not also in other cases?

One visit led to another; and each became more interesting to Hix. Finally, one day, he asked the good man to tell him what a certain passage of the Bible meant. The priest read: "What ye have done to these the least of my brethren, ye have done unto Me!" And the priest applied the passage to the work of the nuns with dexterity that came from intuition.

The explanation of the charity of the nuns was a real revelation to the poor son of the backwoods. He asked questions; asked many of them; so many, in fact, that the poor little, bent priest never had time to answer them all at one sitting. And so the servant of God kept promising more and more visits and actually did pay more visits than to any patient before. Eagerly did Hix await the visits of the priest; more eagerly did he listen to the explanations of questions that had occurred to his mind; and most eagerly was he looking for the consolations of religion. But he wanted religion, true, faithful to the Bible and unerring from the commission of Him who gave it.

Six weeks of this sort of study, promiscuous rather than according to any set plan, brought Hix face to face with the necessity of making a decision. He made it. The religion of the little, old, bent priest and of those good women—the first he had ever cared for and the first who were good to him since he had left his mother many years ago—was good enough for him. It must be the true one. Hix asked for Baptism. He was reasonably sure that he had never been baptized, even though he had often "hit the sawdust trail," had as

often allowed himself to be ducked by some Baptist and had just as often more allowed a preacher to sprinkle him. He had never had the intention of embracing this religion or that with his whole heart; he did not believe in Baptism before, but now he saw the necessity of it. He had wanted to be religious; but he had always wanted to be free too: thus he expressed his ideas on these former accessions to any given form of belief, or creed.

He was baptized, conditionally, however, owing to the fact that it was just possible that his parents might have had him baptized in infancy. They were dead now, and could not be interviewed. And because they had moved so often and from one state to the other it would have been well-nigh impossible to trace their movements, as well as almost impossible to trace their various religious affiliations at any given time. And now Hix was almost fifty.

After his Baptism the Weary Willie was further instructed; permitted to make his first Holy Communion, and asked to join the next class for Confirmation at the little, old, bent priest's church. He agreed. In the meantime he was recovering so well that he was ready for his discharge from the hospital that had harbored him so long. He realized it. And to all his asking as to how he might return good for good he received always the self-same reply: "We have been more than repaid by the good God." He had expressed the preference of remaining at the hospital for the rest of his days and working in any menial capacity in order to help in this life of charity and self-sacrifice. He was sure that such should be his future career. And the more he thought over the matter the stronger became his conviction on this score.

In his leisure hours he one day sought out the little, old, bent priest and confided to him all that had been going on in his mind, at the same time asking advice as to what he should do. The little, old, bent priest asked him to come over and live with him for a while. Together they could go over things and together they could pray and together they would come to some conclusion about the right place for Hix—now Joseph, his baptismal name.

Not very long now till mission time for the people of the priest's church. Joseph, formerly Hix, took a liking to the missionary. He was at the good man's heels all day long; so much so that he almost became a pest. But between them they managed to solve the riddle

of Joseph's future. He was to enter the Congregation to which the Missionary belonged as a simple lay-brother. There he would be given ample opportunity to do good to down-and-outers like himself; to other poor and even to the good Sisters—by prayer for their success—for their kindness to him in his hour of need. In religion he would be able also to thank God for his call to the true religion and for the belated "Stranger's Call" to the religious life in a convent.

Joseph left the little, old, bent priest with the Missionary. He thanked the Sisters before leaving and had tears in his eyes as he managed to bring out the few words of thanks. He was promptly sent to the Postulate of the Missionary Congregation and given the full six months of trial. Having made a favorable impression on the Superiors who had charge of him in these six months, he was sent to the Novitiate and duly admitted and clothed with the habit of the Institute. The year of the Novitiate passed rapidly, the life appealed to him; he was allowed to make his temporary vows. Two years later he was recalled to the house of the Novitiate and after the final trial of his spirit he was professed—that is, admitted to make his vows for life.

Joseph loved all his religious brethren; was in turn loved by them; and persevered till his death in the performance of those menial duties to which he was assigned. He always showed the highest respect for priests and Sisters. He apparently never forgot his own humble origin nor the grace that God gave in calling him to such great things in so wonderful a manner. His example was fruitful in many another vocation to the same humble life he was leading.

Such is the story of "The Stranger's Call."

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#### BRIEF BUT EFFECTIVE

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St. Anthony, called the Great, who is known as the Father of Monasticism, was one day asked by a young man who came to him for direction:

"Father, what must I do to please God always?"

"Wherever you go," answered the Saint, "have God before your eyes."

A briefer and more effective rule for true Christian living could hardly be given.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## The Father Knows

A. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

He was a Jesuit scholastic; he longed for the priesthood, but was not even yet in the subdiaconate. He was teaching Chemistry in Canisius College, Buffalo, New York. Going to his laboratory one day, some acids exploded just as he entered the room. The explosion blinded him completely. The best medical aid was secured but to no avail. Humanly, the case was hopeless.

By this all his fondest hopes were blasted. He could not be ordained to the priesthood. True, during the war, in some few cases, those who were forced into the ranks and came out blinded were admitted to ordination by the Holy See; but they were such as previous to their misfortune were already in deacon's orders. But our young professor was not in deacon's orders.

Indeed, the case was hopeless—not only the cure—but the still greater boon of priesthood was impossible.

That is humanly speaking. But there is heaven! One of the professor's confreres, another Jesuit, conceived the idea of a world-wide Novena to the Little Flower.

Letters were written to every religious community in the world. In China and South Africa, in Australia and Europe, all over America, prayers went up to God, that through the intercession of His Saint—little Therese—He would be pleased to restore the sight of the young professor.

The day for the close of the Novena arrived. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the College. Everyone who attended watched in suppressed excitement, hoping and even expecting a miracle. Nothing happened. The young teacher was led back to his room. Some of his companions followed to console him. They found him gay and happy, and in answer to their condolences he said:

"I got exactly what I asked for."

"What was that?" someone asked.

"Why," he replied, "that was, that whatever would be for the greater glory of God might be the result of this Novena."

But his friends were somewhat disappointed. The matter was dropped. When suddenly, as from a clear sky, came the news that the Holy Father, at the request of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, had given permission for the ordination of the blind young man.

He was ordained, and, of course, the fact that he was blind attracted crowds to his Mass and to hear his sermons: far more than would have gone under ordinary circumstances. Not only that; he has been very fortunate with converts and, at last accounts, had a class of seventy under instruction.

Thus his blindness deprived him of none of the spiritual powers that he would have had, if he had not lost his sight, and gave him a power to work for the greater glory of God as he had prayed would be the result of the Novena. It was not the answer that those who made the Novena asked for, but it was one that the blind man valued infinitely more than the restoration of his sight.

So it is with many of us when we pray. We ask for health, we ask for some temporal benefit. It is the one thing in our mind and we pray as if we were convinced—though we do not confess it—that we know what is best for us—better than the Almighty.

Not that restoration to health—the temporal benefit—would necessarily be harmful to us or to those for whom we ask it. But God may have greater benefits in view—answers to our prayers that are still better—infinitely better—than what we ask for specifically.

Sometimes the superiority of the good He gives in place of what we demand, is so manifest that we ourselves cannot help seeing it; sometimes it is not so clear to our shortsighted vision. But that is no reason to doubt it. We have His own word: "Ask and you shall receive!"

This, then, we must always bear in mind. It must not deter us from prayer or diminish our fervor—or make us in the least hesitant about asking for whatsoever we feel we need.

But it must give us the childlike confidence and unshakable trust that whatever Our Heavenly Father does give us, in answer to our prayers—is really a greater, a richer, a more lavish answer than we ever expected. "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken," as Job said—it matters not—one thing is certain, He has heard our prayers; "praised be the name of the Lord!"

# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE SAD DISAPPOINTMENT

"Could you not watch one hour with Me?" Sadder words were never uttered.

We can easily recall to our minds that scene in the Garden of Gethsemane. The dreadful agony of fear and nausea and sorrow settled, dark as the night, heavy as the fogs on Our Lord. He had taken three with Him to be His support—three upon whom He depended—His friends. And when the cry of agony was wrung from His breast and His human heart sought the comfort of companionship—He found these three, upon whom He would lean—asleep.

"Could you not watch one hour with Me?"

Touching indeed is the tender tone of reproach; overwhelming almost the tragic note of disappointment. They failed Him—and we almost feel—all mankind failed Him, their God who stooped to depend on them.

"Could you"—involuntarily we feel the Saviour turn from the three, and look down the ages and address each of us. When the hour of trial came, when the hour of sadness, the hour of bereavement, the hour of Sunday Mass came for you—did you fail Him?

## JESUS PRAYS

The very thought of Jesus at prayer fills us with awe. Who shall say what passed between the heavenly Father and his "true" and "only-begotten" Son during those nights on the hillsides of Judea, when, as Sacred Scripture tells us, "Jesus went out into the mountains alone to pray!"

What words He used we know not; mortal ears probably never heard them; at least, few only are preserved to us. The "Our Father" is the prayer He taught us to say; He laid it upon our tongues.

Once in particular are we given to listen to His prayer—when in the depths of anguish—He prayed, as St. Paul says, "with a loud cry: Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet not My will but Thine be done."

Crushed down to earth, He yet realized fully that this chalice of suffering prepared for Him may be in the Divine plan of His Father: what Faith in Providence lies behind His words; what resignation!

So dreadful was His anguish that it forced the blood, like perspiration, from every pore of His body, yet He can say: "Father!" What confidence and trust are revealed there!

Unspeakable were the horrors that caused this dread agony—the sufferings of the morrow—the death on the Cross—the ingratitude of men despite all and the seeming futility of all for so many; no wonder, while His body lay crushed to earth His "soul, too, was heavy and sorrowful to death." And yet—on the instant, He rises to infinite heights; with the wonderful words: "Not My will but Thine be done!" What magnificent courage and bravery!

Pray with Christ—with Faith in the Providence of the heavenly Father—with trust and confidence in His goodness to everyone who seeks Him as a child—with courage and bravery accepting the divine Will.

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#### A REAL FATHER

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A friend dropped in the other day, says the Pittsburgh *Observer*, to relate the story of what he termed "real Catholicity."

He is a regular attendant at the 2:30 Mass on Sunday mornings in the Church of the Epiphany, for newspaper men, firemen, policemen, and so on.

He said he saw a street-car motorman at the Mass last Sunday morning, and after Mass, met the man on the street and asked him why he was coming so far to attend the 2:30 Mass.

The "man on the car" told him that it was the only possible chance he had of hearing Mass on Sundays; consequently, he arose at one-thirty o'clock Sunday mornings and made his way downtown to the Epiphany Church. He got home about four o'clock on his return trip, and reported for work at six.

He said that he had a family of growing youngsters, and that he thought that the right kind of example was needed from the head of the house, if the children are to be given the proper start in life.

As a matter of fact, the motorman added, he has trouble keeping the "kids" in bed when he gets up at 1:30 Sunday morning; all of them want to go along with him.

**BLESSED HANDS**

In 1925, an American, Mr. Samuel Hill, prevailed upon Cardinal Mercier to have a cast of his hands made. The delicate task was entrusted to Mr. Guilloche, a French artist, who was for twenty-six years moulder to Rodin, the renowned sculptor. Guilloche went to Malines to perform the work.

The Cardinal consented to have the cast taken—but only on one condition, that he be permitted to hold a crucifix in his hands. So he did.

From the Cross came the grace that guided and sustained his hands; from the Cross, the power that wrought at them; from the Cross, the results he expected; looking to the Cross he labored, suffered and dared. There was gauge, support and ideal. And he was perhaps the greatest figure in the late great world's crisis.

Blessed hands that are wont to clasp the cross devoutly.

**THEIR LOYALTY**

"A story is told," we read in Ellen Ryan Jolly's "Nuns of the Battlefield," "of a faithful Negress, a domestic in Paducah's hospital, which indicates that she was blessed with a degree of prudence equal to her fidelity. An Army Officer having asked her whether the sympathies of the Sisters, who were in charge of the Hospital, leaned towards the Union or the Confederacy, she replied:

"De Sisters, dey ain't foh de Noff, nuh foh de Souf; dey's foh God!"

**SENATORS AND SENATE-SORES**

When we are fairly sickened by the outbursts against Catholics uttered in the Senate by Heflin of Alabama, it is refreshing to hear that another Protestant member of the United States Senate from the South, Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina, avowed his religious tolerance on the floor of the Senate recently, incidentally demonstrating the regard for Catholics which association with them breeds.

It makes us wonder, too, whether some men are not rather like "sores on the senate than an honor to the Senate."

Senator Blease's remarks came in the course of a speech on other matters. Turning momentarily to the matter of religion, he told the Senate that he was a Methodist, then added:

"When I was a young man I came to Washington; I attended a Catholic university. I graduated there. I boarded for nine months in a Catholic home. I went often to St. Aloysius' Church.

"My dear sister, whom I loved only as a man can love both mother and sister, because my mother died when I was a baby, married a Catholic. I loved him as much as I did any brother I had. She has in the state of South Carolina today two of the finest boys in the world. They, at their father's request, were made Catholics.

"Therefore, I cannot have, and never expect to have, any feeling against any man on account of his religion. If he believes that that kind of religion will take him to heaven, for God's sake let him have it."

### A SYMBOLIC DEED

Belated reports from Silas, in the State of Guanajuato, Mexico, say that a statue of Christ on a hill near the town, a monument dear to Mexican Catholics, has been destroyed by dynamite.

The Statue, paid for by popular nation-wide subscriptions of Mexican Catholics, was placed at what is supposed to be the geographical center of Mexico—the heart, so to say—of the country.

In the latter part of the administration of President Obregon, immediate predecessor of President Calles, the statue was dedicated in the presence of a large crowd by Msgr. Filippi, the papal nuncio to Mexico.

Christ once was at the heart of Mexico; but the present régime shrinks from no means, however cruel, to remove Him.

### OUR FRIENDS

We do not know how much we owe to our true and pure friends—how much they add to our joy; what they do towards the formation and the adornment and enrichment of our character. We know not what touches, delicate and beautiful on the canvas of our soul that will be forever, which the fingers of a friend have left there. There will be a silver thread in every life web when finished, woven into the fabric by the pure friendship of many days. How important that only the true, the worthy, those with clean hands and good lives, be taken as friends, for an evil companionship will put stained and soiled threads into the web.

# Our Lady's Page

## The Story of Perpetual Help

### THE PICTURE DESCRIBED

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

The midnight sky to its casual observer is but a jumble of stars, without order and without design. But to the trained eye of the astronomer all is different. To him the star-strewn sky is a wondrous story book, across whose silver-tinted pages the great, gigantic forms of Night's glistening pageant go marching on to hail advancing Dawn. There is Virgo—that charming maiden with the folded wing, bearing in her left hand an ear of corn. And Orion—that lusty hunter of the skies, attacking an angry bull. A sword hangs from his diamond-studded belt. This is the sword and belt whose likeness to the letter "T" made the Little Flower exclaim: "My name (Terese) is written in Heaven." And then—if it were December—the astronomer would point out to you, as a confrere did to me, the Childhood Dream of Christ. "Look," he says, "see that cluster of stars on the eastern horizon? That is called Praesepe or the Crib, for so it was designated even by the ancients. In it lies the Infant Saviour, and directly opposite in the western sky He is looking at His Cross—or Cygnus, as the starmen call it. How wonderful that God should portray His Son's Passion in the stars!" And on and on he could go pointing out the great people of the sky, and with an interest all absorbing.

But just as the heavens mean little or nothing to the careless beholder, so Perpetual Help is of little concern to him who merely glances upon it and turns aside. But let him study that Picture, as the astronomer studies the sky, and like him, he will discover all kinds of beautiful things to captivate his attention.

Before entering, however, on a detailed description of the individual characters in the Picture, we must preface a few remarks on the peculiar style of painting in which Perpetual Help was executed. There are styles in painting just as there are styles in dress, in architecture, or even in automobiles. One style is used to express strength, another beauty, and a third speed. So in art. The Romanesque dem-

onstrates the grace of the curved line; the Gothic prefers the point; and the Byzantine—the style of our Picture—has for its object the portrayal of human form without regard to background, to perspective, to chiaroscuro—the distribution of lights and shades in a picture. This style originated in Constantinople or Byzantium, as it was formerly called and from which it derives its name, about the year 330 and lasted until about the year 1453, when Byzantium fell victim to Mohammed's crescent. Being the style of the early Greek Church especially, it was employed more to embody an ideal or to teach a point of doctrine than to represent persons and objects as they are found in their natural surroundings. The artist might have pictured Our Lady in a garden or in a room—but that would not be Byzantine. The Byzantine artist was content with a plain, unadorned background, generally of gold—as in our Picture. If he could but suggest a moral idea, or stir to holiness of life, he had attained his end, and sought nothing more. With these few points in mind we can readily understand why our Picture differs so fundamentally from all modern art.

The size of our Picture, too, is surprising. We usually think of paintings as being big and extensive, and they generally are; but ours is one of those small tablets so common in early art. "The Greeks," writes Wilkinson, "preferred (small) movable pictures, which could be taken away in case of emergency." Its exact dimensions are twenty-one inches in height and seventeen in width, or the size commonly seen at all Redemptorist shrines.

The Picture is painted on a species of hard durable nut-wood, and done in *tempera* or water color—a kind of painting "in which the binding medium is (not oil) but some glutinous substance—egg, fig sap, honey or the like. Tempera was the process for all portable pictures until oil paint came to be used, which was not the case until its introduction in the fifteenth century by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck." —Bryson Burroughs.

Having made these general observations we are now prepared to consider each particular aspect of the Picture. Here, however, we shall not treat of its meaning, real and symbolical—that is for a later paper—but of the names of the figures, their position and dress, the colors, and finally the various objects represented. Here let it be further noted, that we are describing the original picture, now in our Church of San Alfonso at Rome, for copies are not seldom inexact and destructive of the original's beauty.

## Catholic Events

The Sixth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XI was celebrated throughout the world on February 12. At Washington, D. C., there was a solemn high mass with the singing of the Te Deum presided over by the Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. Among those present were the French Ambassador and Madame Claudel, the Italian Ambassador and members of his staff, the Minister from Poland, the Minister from the Irish Free State, Lady Isabella Howard, wife of the British Ambassador; Senora Padilla, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, Admiral and Mrs. William S. Benson; Rear Admiral and Mrs. W. L. Capps, and the faculty of the Catholic University.

At the celebration in Rome, twenty-three Cardinals, the diplomatic corps, the papal court and a huge throng of faithful were present. In a special tribune was King Gustav V. of Sweden, with his suite.

In the face of these celebrations, the Holy Father's heart was saddened by the "unutterable misfortune" of the Church in Mexico and the silence of the world about the outrages committed there against religion. "A most noble Catholic population is deprived of all its fundamental liberty in the light of this twentieth century, is constrained to live in catacomb, and pay with blood for its fidelity to Christ."

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A report has been given publicity in Mexico City that an arrangement has been made whereby, with the agreement of the Mexican Government, an American priest would go to Mexico to confer with the government concerning a possible solution of the religious controversy there. The Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, was mentioned as the priest. According to this report Dwight Morrow, American Ambassador to Mexico, had lent his good offices in the furtherance of such an arrangement.

But Mr. Morrow could not be reached by correspondents, and Father Burke declared that he was not the priest.

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The Archbishop of Havana, Most Rev. Jose Emmanuel Ruiz y Rodriguez, had suggested to the delegates to the Pan-American Congress which met in Havana to petition President Calles of Mexico to arrange for the return of the Mexican clergy to their churches and the resumption of worship. "My prayer is," said the Archbishop, "that the Conference may proceed with God's blessing for the greater good of all American republics."

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Meantime Calles proceeds on his way. On February 5, the New York World introduced a press dispatch with this startling title: Four

Mexican Planes to Hunt Catholics. War Machines Obtained in U. S. by Special Permission of the State Department.

That is the sad feature about it, that these airplanes have been imported to Mexico by special permission of our Government.

When asked by a representative of the N.C.W.C., the Department of State admitted that it had licensed the transaction, saying that, "it had lifted the embargo on the planes in the interest of American manufacturers." They excused themselves by adding: "The Department has no knowledge concerning the specific uses to which the airplanes have been or are to be put by the Mexican Government."

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While these airplanes, bought in the United States, have been whirring over four Mexican States hunting opponents of Calles' war against religion, and while agricultural life in these states has been paralyzed in the midst of planting time by new concentrated efforts, there has been mobilized, says a report from Mexico City, a new corps of special secret police to conduct a man-hunt for persons suspected of holding religious services and other "crimes" under Calles' laws.

This new corps of spies operates not only in Mexico City but in the States of the Republic as well. It is charged with tracking down anyone suspected of "seditious" actions. For months past, hundreds of such charges of "sedition" have been made and have fallen flat upon a mere cursory inquiry. Nevertheless the summary arrests have been continued.

Most notable of such false arrests in recent days was that of 20 nuns, charged with living in community and conducting a school illegally. The charges have now been dismissed by the district court, which admits there is not sufficient evidence to hold the sisters. Nevertheless they were detained in prison for days.

A new series of raids in Mexico City has just netted 36 prisoners, including 23 women. All were accused of attending Mass in private homes. Fat fines will be extracted from these prisoners, after which they probably will be released. Those arrested were all members of prominent families and capable of paying.

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"One of the most impressive and colorful events ever staged in Catholic circles of Detroit," says the Michigan Catholic, "took place Sunday, Feb. 12, when more than 500 Boy Scouts attended Mass and received Holy Communion in Holy Redeemer Church (of the Redemptorist Fathers)."

To the sound of the "Church Call" by a drum and bugle corps, the Scouts marched into the church, headed by boys carrying 25 American and troop flags . . . When the lads had marched into the church, there followed more than 150 altar boys in red and white cassocks over which were glistening white surplices. At the end of the procession walked Bishop Michael J. Gallagher, the celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Christopher D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R., and the Rev. Peter Youngblood, C.Ss.R., assisted the Bishop.

The Scouts occupied the front pews; immediately behind them and filling the side pews were over 1,000 Holy Name men and boys, members of the Holy Name Society. Almost every person present in the church received Holy Communion.

After the Mass breakfast was served in Holy Redeemer Hall to over 650 scouts and guests of honor. Among those who spoke at the breakfast were: Mr. Waldo R. Hunt, Scout Executive of the Detroit Council; Hon. Judge Ernest A. O'Brien, Grand Knight of the Detroit Council, K. of C.; Mr. John P. O'Hara, president of the Diocesan Union of the Holy Name Society; Father William A. Miller, C.Ss.R., spiritual director of the Catholic Boy Scouts in Detroit diocese. Bishop Gallagher delivered a splendid address. Father McEnniry, C.Ss.R., gave the address of welcome, as Rector of Holy Redeemer Church.

The Rev. William A. Miller, C.Ss.R., who was recently appointed spiritual director of the Detroit Council, Boy Scouts of America, by Bishop Gallagher, directed the arrangement of the program. Father Michael H. Pathe, C.Ss.R., was toastmaster at the breakfast.

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A unique supplementary reading service has been inaugurated in the parochial schools of Minneapolis, Minn. The collection of 6,000 volumes consists of supplementary reading texts, literary classics, and standard works in geography, science, history, civics, religion and other subjects, which have been provided for the Minneapolis schools by the Federation of Catholic Mothers' clubs.

The selection of material was made by the Rev. James A. Byrnes, diocesan superintendent of schools, and a committee of parochial principals. The library comprises 189 sets of 30 volumes, each packed separately in a convenient wooden case. These sets will be distributed to the fourth, fifth and sixth grades in the 21 Minneapolis parish schools, according to a schedule arranged by Father Byrnes, so that each grade will receive 90 books every month, or 810 volumes in the course of the school year. Each teacher will be advised in advance of the sets assigned to her classes and the dates upon which they will be delivered.

\* \* \*

Work on the Bertha M. Fisher Home for the Aged, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Fisher to the Little Sisters of the Poor, will begin within the next few weeks. The building will cost \$750,000, and will be erected on a twenty-acre tract at Southfield Road and Outer Drive.

The ground on which the Home will stand is the gift of several prominent Detroit men and women, among them Mr. and Mrs. Fisher; but the cost of the building will be borne entirely by the Fishers.

# Some Good Books

*The Family. A Social and Ethnological Study.* By Albert Mutsch, S.J. Published by The Central Bureau of the Central-Verein, St. Louis, Mo. Price: 15 cents.

Father John M. Cooper, Ph.D., S.T.D., Associate Professor of Sociology at the Catholic University, who is a recognized authority on these matters says:

"Those interested in the Social Sciences, who have not been able to keep abreast of the recent radical changes in the science of Cultural Anthropology, will find an excellent means of orientation in this carefully written little pamphlet." I would like to underline those words: "carefully written little pamphlet." There are only forty pages, but one is surprised at the amount of material they contain. The usefulness of the pamphlet for schools is increased by the questions and the reading list added to each chapter.—A. T. Z.

*Mississippi's Blackrobe.* A story of Father Marquette. By Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.25.

Father Boyton has given us another story of adventure, vivid and gripping, full of action and surprises. The background of history and the historical characters of the great Joliet and the still braver Marquette add to the interest. When you see the books in the hands of greedy little readers, you are glad you can tell them about books like "Mississippi's Blackrobe." You can be sure it will please.

*Homiletic Thoughts and Counsels.* By the Rt. Rev. Wm. Paul von Keppler, D.D. Translated by Rev. Hamilton MacDonald, M.A. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.25.

Bishop Keppler was himself one of the greatest preachers of our times—a man of wide and sound learning. He was deeply interested in the Homiletic Sermon and a master of sacred oratory. He was therefore well prepared to instruct priests and guide them in the art of preaching. This

book—for whose careful and most readable translation we have to thank Father MacDonald—is not a formal treatise on this art, but rather, as the title indicates, a series of thoughts and counsels. But they are so rich in suggestion that their study will well repay priest or student for the priesthood. What makes them more valuable is that they are not mere general counsels but cover almost all the particular problems of present day preaching.

*Holy Week. The Complete Offices of Holy Week in Latin and English.* By Rt. Rev. Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price: 75 cents.

More than once we have been asked about Holy Week books by people interested in following the beautiful ceremonies. With the spread of the Liturgical Movement, more and more are coming to learn the hidden beauties of the Church's services. And we are glad to be able to recommend this edition by the learned Benedictine Abbot. The price is happily such as to bring the little book within the reach of everybody.

*Christian Marriage.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$.....

It is a little pamphlet of thirty-five pages. But it is to be recommended heartily to young men and women and to husbands and wives. It keeps to ideals in the midst of hard realities, and no one will fail to be stirred by the ideal.

*A Novena in Honor of the Little Flower.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$.....

The devotions for every day consists of a reading on some phase of the Saint's life and appropriate prayers.

The spread of the devotion to the Little Flower will make the pamphlet very desirable to many, and the readings will help to keep their devotion sane and reasonable.

# Lucid Intervals

Doctor (examining life insurance prospect)—Do you ever talk in your sleep?

Prospect—No, but I often talk in other people's sleep.

Doctor—But how can that be?

Prospect—I'm a college professor.

“What do you do for a living, Mose?”

“Oh, manage a laundry.”

“What's the name of your laundry?”

“Liza.”

“Fifteen cents,” said the Scot to the village druggist, “for a box of sulphur? Why, man, I can get it for 10 cents in town.”

“Yes,” said the druggist. “And you can go to another place where you can get as much sulphur as you want for nothing.”

Sympathizer—And did her father come between you?

Jilted Suitor—No—behind me!

A teachers was giving his class a lecture on charity. “Willie,” he said, “if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?”

Willie (promptly)—Brotherly love!

Diner—This is a very small piece of chicken you have given me, waiter.

Waiter—Yes, sir, but you'll find it will take you a long time to eat it.

Satanic Assistant—There's a saxophone player at the gate.

Satan—Take his saxophone away from him and let him in.

Editor. Who wrote these jokes?

Contributor: I did, sir.

Editor: Hm. You must be older than you look.

Maid (to mistress, after giving notice)—And as I'm leaving I might as well tell you that you've got the date of my arrival wrong in your diary!

“Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?”

“No, suh. Dat U. S. don't mean nothin' 'bout Uncle Samuel. Dat's jest a warning—U. S. stands fo' Unsafe, dat's all.”

Mandy—You-all minds me of one of them flying machines.

Rastus—How cum, woman, how cum? Cause I is such a high flyer?

Mandy—No, sah, cullud man; it's just 'cause you ain't no use on earth.

“I am like any man, entitled to my own opinion.”

“Of course,” replied Mr. Groucher, “the same as I'm entitled to this dog of mine. It doesn't follow, however, that the dog is any good.”

Conductor (somewhat irritated after stumbling over obstacle in the aisle): “Madam, you must remove your valise from the aisle.”

Colored Lady—“Fo' de lawd sake, Mistah Conductor, dat ain't no valise. Dat's mah foot.”

Lee—Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?

Joe—Yes. When mother used to comb my hair I wished I didn't have any.

“Sedentary work,” said the college lecturer, “tends to lessen the endurance.”

“In other words,” interrupted the smart student, “the more one sits the less one can stand.”

“Exactly,” retorted the lecturer; “and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely.”

Sambo—Whaffo' you lookin' so unnecessary, Mose?

Mose—Ah feels like a dumb owl, Sambo.

Sambo—Reveal yo' meanin', man.

Mose—Ah jes' don't give a hoot.

## **Redemptorist Scholarships**

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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Burse of St. Joseph, \$654.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50;  
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